

SHELF MARK \*  
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Antq. e. E. 79

THE  
British Heroes :  
OR, A  
New Poem in Honour of St. GEORGE, &c.

By MR. JOHN GRUB, School-Master of Christ-Church, Oxon.

*In e linguis : Carmina non prius  
au Musarum Sacerdos*

Canto.

Hor.

**T**HE Story of King *Arthur* old  
Is very memorable,  
The Number of his valiant Knights  
and Roundness of his Table :  
His Knights around his Table in  
A Circle sat, de'e see,  
And all together made up one  
Large Hoop of Chivalry.  
He had a Sword both large and sharp,  
Ycleped *Caliburn*  
Twould cut a Flint more easily  
Then Penknife cuts a Corn.  
As Case-knife does a Capon carve,  
So would it carve a Rock,  
And split a Man at single Slash,  
From Noddle down to Nock.  
He was the Cream of *Brecknock*,  
Flower of all the *Welch*.  
But *George* he did the Dragon fell,  
And gave him a plaguy *Squelch*.  
*St. George* he was for England,  
*St. Dennis* was for France,  
*Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

II.

*Tamarain* with *Tatari* Bow  
The *Turkish* Squadrons flew,  
And fetch'd the Pagan Crescent down  
With half Moon made of Yew.  
This trusty Bow proud *Turks* did gall  
With Showers of Arrows thick,

And Bow-strings, without strangling, sent  
*Grand Viziers* to old *Nick* ;  
Much Turbants, and much Pagan Pates  
He made to tumble in Dust,  
And Heads of *Saracens* he fixt  
On Spear, as on a Sign-Post.  
He coop't in cage *Bajazer*, the Prop  
Of *Mahomet's* Religion,  
As if't had been the whispering Bird,  
That prompted him, the Pidgeon.  
In Turkey-Leather Scabbard he  
Did sheath his Blade so trenchant,  
But *George* he swing'd the Dragon's Tail  
And cut off every Inch on't.  
*St. George, &c.*

III.

*Achilles* of old *Chiron* learn'd  
The great Horse for to ride,  
H'was taught by *Centaurs* rational part  
The Hinnible to bestride.  
Bright silver Feet and smiling Face  
Had that stout Heroe's Mother  
As Rapier's silver'd at one End  
And wounds you with the other,  
Her Feet were bright, his Feef were swift  
As Hawk pursuing Sparrow,  
Hers had the Metal, his the Speed  
\* Of *Barfoot's* silver Arrow.  
*Thetis* to double *Pedagogue*  
Commits her dearest Boy,

Who bred him from a tender Twig  
To be the Scourge of Troy.  
But e'er he sh'd the Trojans H'was  
In Stygian Water steep't,  
As Birch is soaked first in Piss  
When Boys are to be whipt.  
With Skin exceeding hard he rose  
From Lake, as black and muddy  
As Lobsters from the Ocean rise  
With Shell about their Body:  
And as from Lobsters broken Claw  
Pick out the Fish you might,  
So you might from one unshell'd Heel  
Dig pieces of the Kught.  
His Myrmidons robb'd Priam's Barns  
And Hen-roosts, says the Song,  
Carried away both Corn and Eggs,  
Like Ants, from whence they sprung.  
Himself tore Hector's Pantaloons  
And sent him down bare-breech't  
To Pedant Radamanthus in  
A posture to be switch'd,  
But George he made the Dragon look  
As if he had been bewitch'd.  
*St. George, &c.*

## IV.

The Amazon Thalestris was  
Both beautiful and bold,  
She fear'd her Breasts with Iron hos  
And bang'd her Foes with cold.  
Her Hand was like the Tool wherewith  
Jove keeps proud Mortals under,  
It shone just like his Lightening,  
And batter'd like his Thunder.  
Her Eye darts Lightning, that would blight  
The proudest he that swagger'd  
And melt the Rapier of the Soul  
In its corporeal Scabbard.  
With Beauty, that great Lapland-Charm  
Poor Men she did bewitch all,  
Still a blind whining Lover had,  
As Pallas had her Screech-Owl.  
Her Beauty and her Drum to Foes  
Did cause Amazement double  
As timorous Larks affrighted are  
With Light, and eke with Low-bell.  
She kept the Castness of a Nun,  
In Arbour, as in Cloyster,  
But George undid the Dragon just  
As you'd undo an Oyster,  
*St. George, &c.*

## V.

Full fatal to the Romans was  
The Carthaginian Hanni-  
bal, him I mean, who gave to them

That devilish Thump at Canne.  
Moors thick as Goats on Penmanmore  
Stood on the Alps's front,  
Their \* one ey'd Guide, like blinking Moles,  
Bor'd through the hind'rng Mount;  
Who baffled by the mossy Rock  
Took Vinegar for Relief,  
As Plow-men when they hew their Way  
Through stubborn Rump of Beef.  
As dancing Lowts from humid Toes  
Cast Atomes of fil favour  
To blinking † Hyatt, when one vile Crowd  
He Merriment does endeavour,  
And on harmonious Timber saws  
A wretched Tune to quiver,  
Just so the Romans sunk at Sight  
Of African Canniver.  
The tawny Surface of his Phiz  
Did serve him for a Vizard,  
But George he made the Dragon have  
A Grumbling in his Gizzard.  
*St. George, &c.*

## VI.

## The Valour of Domitian

It must not be forgotten,  
Who from the Jaws of worm-blowing Fly  
Freed Suppliant Veal and Mutton.  
A Squadron of Flies errant,  
Against the Foe appears,  
With Regiments of buzzing Knights,  
And Swarms of Volunteers.  
The Warlike Wasp encourag'd 'em  
With animating Hum,  
And the loud brazen Horns next  
He was their Kettle-Drum.  
The Spanish Don Catbarido  
Did him most sorely pester,  
And rais'd on skin of ventr'ous Knight  
Full many a plaguy Blister.  
A Bee whip through his Button-hole  
As through Key-hole a Witch,  
And stab'd him with her little Tuck,  
Drawn out of Scabbard Breech.  
But the undaunted Knight lifts up  
An Arm both big and brawny,  
And slasht her so, that here lay Head  
And there lay Bag and Honey.  
Then 'mongst the Rout he flew as swift  
As Weapon made by Cyclops,  
And bravely quell'd seditious Buzz  
By Dint of massy Fly-Flops.  
Surviving Flies do Curses breath,  
And Maggots too at Cesar;  
But George he shav'd the Dragon's Beard,  
And Askelon was his Razor.  
*St. George, &c.*



\* Hannibal. + A one Ey'd Fellow who pretended to make Fiddles, as well as play on 'em; well known in Oxon.

VII.

The Gemini sprung of an Egg,  
Were put into a Cradle,  
Their Brains with Knocks and Bottl'd Ale  
Were oftentimes full addle.  
And, scarcely hatch'd, these Sons of him  
That hurls the bold Trisulcate,  
With Helmet-shell and tender Head,  
Did tustle with with red-ey'd Polecat.  
*Castor a Horseman, Pollux tho'*  
A boxer was that wist,  
The one was fam'd for Iron Heel,  
Th' other for Leaden Fist.  
*Pollux, to shew he was a God,*  
When he was in a Passion,  
With Fist made Noses fall down flat  
By way of Adoration.  
This Fist as true as French Disease  
Demolish'd Noses Ridges,  
He, like a certain \* Lord, was fam'd  
For breaking down of Bridges.  
*Castor the Flame of fiery Steed*  
With well Spur'd Boots took down,  
As Men with leathern Buckets do  
Quench Fire in a Town.  
His famous horse that liv'd on Oats  
Is Sung on Oaten Quill,  
By Bard's immortal Provender  
The Nag surviveth still.  
This Brood of Eggs on none but Rogues  
Employ'd their brisk Artillery,  
And flew as naturally at Knaves,  
As Eggs at Knaves in Pillory.  
Much Sweet they spent in furious Fight  
Much Blood they did effund,  
Their Whites they vented thro' the Pores,  
Their Yolks thro' gaping Wounds.  
Then both were cleans'd from Blood and Dust  
To make a Heavenly Sign,  
The Lads, just like their Arms, were scour'd,  
And then hang'd up to shine.  
Such were the Heavenly double Dicks  
The Sons of Jove and Tindar  
But George he cut the Dragon up  
As if't had been Duck or Winder.  
St. George, &c.

VIII.

Pendragon, like his Father Jove,  
Was fed with Milk of Goat,  
And like him made a Noble Shield  
Of the Goat's shaggy Coat.  
On Top of burnisht Helmet, he  
Did wear a Crest of Leeks,  
And Onion Heads, with Dreadful Nod  
Drew Tears from hostile Cheeks.  
Itch and Welsh Blood did make him hot,  
And very prone by Ire,  
H' was ting'd with Brimstone like a Watch,  
And wouldest as soon take Fire.

( 3 )  
And Brimstone he took inwardly  
When Scars gave him Occasion,  
His postern Buff of Wind was a  
Sulphurous Exaltation.  
The Britain never tergivers'd  
But was for adverſe Drubbing,  
And never turn'd his Back for ought  
But to a Poff for Scrubbing.  
His Sword would Serve for Battel, or  
For Dinner, if you please ;  
When it had slain a Cheshire Man,  
'Tould toast a Cheshire Cheese.  
He wounded, and in their own Blood,  
Did Anabaptize Pagans  
But George he made the Dragon an  
Example to all Dragons.  
St. George, &c.

I X.

Gorgon a twisted Adder wore  
For Knot upon her Shoulder  
Shee kemb'd her hissing Perriwig,  
And curled Snakes did powder.  
These Snakes they made stiff Changelings  
Of all the Folks they hift on,  
They turned Barbers into Hones  
And Masons into Free-stone.  
Sworded Magnetick Amazon  
Her Shield to Loadstone changes,  
Then amorous Sword by Magick Belt  
Clung fast unto her Haunches.  
This Shield Long Village did protect  
And kept the Army from Town,  
And chang'd the Bullies into Rocks  
That came t' invade \* Long Compton.  
She Post-diluvian Stones unmans,  
And Pyrrhus's Work unravels,  
And turns Deucalion's hardly Boys  
Back to their primitive Pebbles.  
Red Noses she to Rubies turn'd,  
Red Noddles into Bricks,  
But George made the Dragon laxative,  
And gave him a Bloody Flux.  
St. George, &c.

X.

Brave Warwick Guy at Dinner-time  
Challeng'd a Gyant Savage,  
When strait came out unweidly Lowt  
Brimful of Wrath and Cabbage :  
He had a Phiz of Latitude  
And was full thick iu th' Middle  
The Checks of puffed Trumpeter  
And Paunch of \* Squire Beadle,  
But the Knight fell'd him like an Oak  
And did upon his Back tread,  
The valiant Guy his Weazon cur,  
But Atropos his Packthread.  
Besides he fought with a Dun Cow,  
As say the Poets witty,  
A dreadful Dun, and horned too,  
Like † Dun of Oxford City.

\* Lord Luce brok' down the Bridges about Oxford at the beginning of the Revolution.

\* A place in Oxfordshire, famous for a parcel of Stones, vide Dr. Hor's History of Oxfordshire.

† Trademen. \* Men of Bulk and weight to their P.

The fervent Dog-dogs made her mad,  
By causing Heat of Weather,  
*Sirius* and *Procyon* baited her,  
As Bull-Dogs did her Father,  
Graziers nor Butchers this fell Beast,  
E're of her Frolick hindred,  
\* John Dosset she'd knock down as flat,  
As John knocks down her Kindred.  
Her Heels would lay you all along  
And kick into a Swoon  
Cow-heels of *Enuins* keep up your Corps  
But here 'twould beat you down.  
She vanquish'd many a sturdy Wight,  
And proud was of the Honour,  
Was puff'd by mauling Butchers so,  
As if themselves had blown her.  
At once she kickt, and pusht at *Guy*  
But all that would not fright him,  
Who wav'd his Whinniard o'er Sir *Loin*  
As if he had gone to Knight him.  
He let her Blood, Frenzy to cure,  
And eke he did her Gall rip,  
His Trenchant Blade, like Cooks long Spit,  
Ran through the Monsters Bald-Rib,  
He rear'd up the vast crooked Rib  
Instead of Arch Triumphal,  
But *George* hit the Dragon such a Knock  
As made him on his Bum fall.  
*St. George, &c.*

## XI.

Great *Hercules* the Off-spring was  
Of *Jove* and fair *Alcmene*,  
One Part of him Celestial was,  
One part of him Terrene  
To Scale the Walls of his Cradle  
Two fiery Snakes combin'd  
And just like unto swadling Bands  
About the Infant twin'd;  
But he put out the Dragons Fires  
And did their Hissing stop,  
As red hot Iron with hissing Noise  
Is quench'd in Black-Smiths Shop.  
He cleans'd a Stable, and rubb'd down  
The Horses of Guests, and new-Commers,  
For out of Horic-Dung he rais'd Fame  
As \* *Tom Wrench* does Cucumbers.  
He made a River help him though,  
*Alpheus* was under Groom,  
The Streams, disgust at Office mean.  
Went murmuring through the Room.  
This liquid Hostler to prevent  
Being tired with a long Work,  
His Father *Nature's* Trident took  
Instead of three tooth'd Dung-Fork.  
This *Hercules* as Soldier, and  
As Spinster could take pains,

His Club it sometimes would spin *Flax*,  
And sometimes knock out Braids.  
He was forc'd to spin his Miss a Shift,  
By *Juno's* Wrath and her Spight  
*Fair Omphale* whip'd him to his Wheel  
As Cook whips Barking Turn-spit  
From Man or Churn he well knew how  
To get him lasting Fame  
He'd bait a Giant till the Blood,  
And milk till Butter came.  
Often he fought with huge Battoom  
And often he had boxed,  
Tap'd a fresh Monster once a Week  
As \* *Harvey* does a Hogshead,  
To stiff *Antaeus* he gave such  
As Folks do in *Cornwall*,  
But *George* he did the Dragon kill  
As dead as any Moor-Nail.  
*St. George, &c.*

## XII.

By Boar-Spear *Meleager* aowir'd  
An Everlasting Name,  
And out of Haunch of basted Swine  
He had eternal Fame.  
The Beast the Heroe's Trowzers rapt  
And rudely show'd his bare Breach  
Prick'd out the Wem, and out there came  
Heroick Guts and Garbage.  
Legs were secur'd by Iron Boots  
No more than Pease by Peascods,  
Brafs Helmets, with inclosee Skulls,  
Wou'd crackle in's Mouth like Chesnuts.  
His tawny Hairs erected were  
By Rage that was resiftless,  
And Wrath, instead of Cobler's Wax,  
Did stiffer his rising Bristles.  
His Tusk laid Dogs to sleep, that Whip  
Nor Bugle Horn could wake 'em,  
It made them vent both their last Blood  
And their last *Alum Gracum*.  
But the Knight yoak'd him with his Spear  
To make of him a tame one,  
And Arrows thick, instead of Cloves,  
He stuck in Monster's Gammon.  
For Monumental Pillar, that  
His Victory might be known,  
He rais'd in Cylindrick Form  
A Collar of the Brawn.  
He sent his Shade to Shades below,  
In Stygian Mud to wallow,  
And eke that stout St. *George* eft soon  
He made the Dragon follow.  
*St. George* he was for England,  
*St. Dennis* was for France,  
*Sing Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

\* The Butcher that then serv'd the College. † A Cook who on Fish Nights was famous for selling Coddled Tripe.  
\* Paradise Gardiner. † A noted Ale-house Keeper, in Oxon.

